The Bee.

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The Washington Bee.

From the Afro-American Ledger.

The Washington Bee assumes a great deal to itself when it professes to know more about Baltimore and the Baltimore Public schools than The Afro-American Ledger. But we are not accustomed to boasting about our knowledge, as we feel assured that what we do not know is a great deal more than that we do know. We had occasion to call the Bee down a week or so ago in reference to its wide spread knowledge of Baltimore affairs. The Bee assered that there would be large number of teachers needed in Baltimore, as all the white teachers were to be turned out and replaced with colored teachers. As a matter of fact we stated that there was to be no wholesale turning out of white teachers from the colored schools. This is a fact, the Washington Bee to the contrary notwithstanding. There may be one or possibly as much as two colored schools turned over to colored faculties in the fall, and this depends greatly upon the number of graduates from the Training School and those who take the examination this month. More than that we were advised of the probable appointment of Mr. Hugh Browne some days before the announcement was made, so in that we are not behind. Why did not The Bee announce the fact if it knew and thus get a "scoop" upon us? The Bee is wise in its own conceit.

The Afro-American Ledger is a little chagrined and disappointed as THE BEE well knows. Of course THE BEE got the first tip of the appointment of Prof. Brown to the principalship of the Baltimore High School. And that is not all. There are to be more appointments made in your High Schools, editor Murphy to the contrary notwithstanding. THE BEE arogates, to itself that it has more knowledge of what is going on in the Baltimore Schools than its esteemed contemporary, although it declared that there would be no change whatever in the Baltimore Schools. Take your medicine editor Murphy like a man and don't get offended because THE BEE knows more about your Schools than yourself.

As a solution of the Negro problem, the subject of deportation has again been raised and while those who favor sending the colored people to Africa or some where else, thus removing the cause of race friction in this country, may be friendly disposed to the race, the *Boston Herald* reflects the public sentiment of the country when it says: "The place of the Negor is in the South. He is better off there than in the Northern States. The South needs him where he is, admitting all his faults. He is the natural laborer in that section and to deprive the South of him in that capacity would be to take from her what is vitally essential to her prosperity. The great mass of the Negroes who raise crops, acquire property and

ds to the taxable wealth of the mmunity in which they live are far and away the best laboring and serving class the South has ever known, or ever will know." This is all right as far as it goes but there ought to be some reciprocity and while the colored race is contributing its full share to the general sum of business prosperity as a producer of wealth, that race should be accorded its full share of qual rights and privilege as American citizens, without let or hindrance.

The Atlanta Constitution hits the nail on the head in a recent editorial saying that if there were more sheriffs like Sheriff Merrill of Georgia there would be less lynching. "It will be argued" continues the editorial, "that the life of a Negro murderer is not worth the sacrifice, that the sheriff might easily have winked at the work of the mob and better lives than that of the Negro wretch would have been spared Other sheriffs have done such things. It was sheriff Merrill duty as the representive of the law of the State of Georgia to keep his prisoner from the hands of the mob and he did his duty bravely." Let the Southern press follow the lead of *The Constitution* and forever sweep away this nesti e of rank barbarism known as lynching bees.

John D. Rockefeller recently made a gift of three scholarships in Columbia College to colored youth in the South. One of the beneficiaries is to be selected from Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, one from Spellman Seminary, Altanta, Ga., and one from Hampton Institute, Virginia. Each scholarship is worth 500 dollars. If the three lucky students prove meritorious as they doubtless will, no man can tell what good things will fall from the bounteous table of Mr. Rockefeller to help worthy and ambitious students throughout the South.

According to the *Richmond Dispath*, the colored people of Richmond, Va., are about to ask the city council to appoint a colored man as one of the nine trustees of the library given by Andrew Carniegie, inasmach as Mr. Carniegie in contracts made with cities North and South provided that h e colored people where taxed should not be excluded from the benefiit of the libraries he has founded. Giles B. Jackson, a colored lawyer has been recommended to the city council for appointment as a trustee.

We notice that teachers institutes and summer schools are to be opened in various parts of the country to further the cause of education. The profession of school teaching is one which should require the highest culture and perfection and all persons engaged in the work of teaching should be abreast of the times and catch on to every new method that is really beneficial in imparting knowledge to the youth of our land.

Governor McSweeney of South Carolinia appears to think he is as big a man as Pitchfork Tillman. The game is up to Tillman to tender his resignation unqualified. The Governor says he will accept it. McLaurin has the best end of the fight as matters now stand.

Not Recognized.

The latest news from Tacoma, Washington to the effect that the Grand Lodge of Masons has decided, by resolution, not to recognize negro masons. There will be a day when men as well as negro organizations in Freemasonry will be recognized. The negro is coming.

Old Man Saved His Money.

An old negro died suddenly in Richmond, Va., recently. It was thought he was in poverty little short of what might be termed abject. He had for years been subsisting in the barest way on an income derived from picking the feathers off fowls for market. For picking a chicken he would receive two cents; for a duck or turkey, five cents. After the negro was dead the people with whom he lived went through his possessions to learn the value of his property. There were found in his old trunk $300 in money and certificates of bank deposits aggregating $1,000. The negro left a fortune of $1,300 in money, and as far as is known all of it was made by picking feathers from fowls for the table of the white man.

Golden Carpets at Auction.

According to a Lisbon correspondent two magnificent carpets, presented by the Infanta Donna Sanche to the royal convent of St. Antonio in 1500, have just been sold by auction at the municipal chamber to pay for repairs at the convent and church. The sale of the carpets, which were Persian, about 18 feet square, embroidered with real gold, caused much excitement. The most eager bidders were two groups, French and German. Bidding began at $4,440, and the Frenchmen secured the prize for $8,540, which is regarded as nearly $5,000 below the real value. Two other equally splendid carpets from the Estrella convent were also announced for sale, but public feeling has become so strong that the sale has been countermanded.—N. Y. Sun.

Hard on Tobacco Chewers.

Spitting on the sidewalk is prohibited in St. Paul, Minn. The penalty is a fine of from one dollar to $50, or imprisonment from one to 60 days. In that city it is also illegal to throw a cigar stub or fruit peeling on the sidewalk.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Romantic Meeting of Two Cousins on San Juan Hill.

Their Relationship Discovered in an Extraordinary Way—Now They Are Partners in Business and Fast Friends.

According to the Omaha correspondent of the New York World Arthur L. Drake and William Francis Drake, cousins, partners in the cattle business near Ogallala, owe their acquaintance and partnership to an accidental meeting on the battlefield after the charge of San Juan hill, Cuba, before which they never knew of each other's existence.

After the close of the Spanish-American war each of these men received his discharge, the one from the rough riders and the other from the Third United States cavalry one year later. In August, 1899, they located in western Nebraska, and have since been intimately associated.

No story of fiction has ever been imagined or told which surpasses the remarkable history of their family, and more especially that of the fathers of these two young men, themselves, their two sons and these sons' little daughters.

Arthur J. Drake and Francis M. Drake, twins, were born in Birmingham, Ala., April 21, 1836, where they lived until Arthur decided to go north when he was 16. After traveling through many of the northern states he located on a farm near Milwaukee. He never wrote home. He married Miss Mary Sherwood and was the father of two sons, one of whom is Arthur L. Drake.

Francis M. Drake remained with his father and worked for him in a store. He was married in 1859 and is the father of one child—William Francis Drake.

At the beginning of the civil war Arthur J. Drake volunteered for the union and joined the Eleventh Wisconsin infantry. Francis M. Drake went with his state and the confederacy and

MEETING ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

was a member of the Thirty-first Alabama infantry.

During the siege of Vicksburg by Grant's forces the soldiers on either side became friendly at certain places where they were stationed in trenches close together and would often call each other "Yanks" and "Rebs" in a social way, trade tobacco for coffee and exchange other articles. Here the twin brothers met for the first time after Arthur left home.

After the war was over Arthur J—— returned to his home in Wisconsin where he died in 1880. The other brother moved from Alabama to Texas, where he engaged in the cattle business. He still lives in that state.

After the battle of San Juan hill a wounded rough rider was sending a dying message to his wife and only daughter by a kind-hearted private of the Third United States cavalry, who was doing all in his power to stop the hemorrhages from his wounds and save his life.

The dying man took from his watch chain a locket which contained the photos of his wife and child.

"This," he said, "is for Edith Drake, my only child."

"My God," whispered the other, "that's the name of my only child." Then he hesitated. He knew the man had not the strength to answer questions, so he waited until the rough rider was strong enough to talk. There in that southern hospital these two men discovered that their fathers were brothers and that they had each a daughter named Edith Drake and that their little girls were nearly of the same age.

Pope's Elaborate Wardrobe.

A large staff of women is employed at the vatican for the sole purpose of keeping the pope's wardrobe in perfect condition. No spot or stain may disfigure the garments worn by his holiness, and, as he always appears in white, even a few hours' wear deprives the robes of their freshness. It is considered that no man's hand is dainty enough for their care, so in this one respect women are permitted to serve the pontiff. Only the most delicate materials are used, moire silk being the summer fabric and a specially woven fine cloth the winter one.

Massage for the Fingers.

Paderewski keeps a valet whose chief duty it is to rub the great pianist's fingers at stated times, to knead the palms and to crack his knuckles. Without this extraordinary exercise Paderewski believes that he would not be able to play so as to satisfy himself. This treatment makes his fingers elastic and supple.

Jews in the Russian Army.

The Russian Jew must serve in the army, but he can never become more than a private.

The Interesting Life of Count LEO TOLSTOI

His Work in Russia as Soldier, Author and Philosopher and Teacher—Excommunicated by the Church

COUNT LYOF NIKOLAIVITCH TOLSTOI, the famous Russian writer of religious and social fiction, has been a noted character in many ways during the past quarter of a century, and he now seems destined to end his days outside the fold of the church of his native land, and stamped as a heretic.

During the past three months Count Tolstoi has attracted unusual attention in all portions of the civilized world. For the past few years he has dropped much of that style of literature that made his earlier books famous, and has taken to writing sermons, in story form, upon the one text: "Resist Not Evil." His continued preaching of a doctrine of noninterference, and his appeals for an orthodox religion founded solely on the teachings of the life of the Master, has at last roused the ire of the officials of the Orthodox Russian, or Greek, church, and he has been excommunicated. In the decree which debars him from all spiritual privileges of the established Church of Russia it is stated that his teachings are not only anti-ecclesiastical, but anti-Christian as well. Those outside of the teachings of the Russian church who have read his later works will scarcely agree with the church officials in their interpretation of what is anti-Christian.

The decree forbids all bishops and priests of the church to officiate in any way at the count's obsequies when he dies, or to sing masses for the repose

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

of his soul. His burial in consecrated soil is also prohibited.

It is not expected that Count Tolstoi will resent this action of the church in any way. In fact, a strict interpretation of the doctrine which he has so ardently preached, that of noninterference, would not permit of his doing so. But the effect the action of the church has had upon the Russian people could scarcely have been anticipated. Hundreds of admirers of the count, who, instead of being frightened into silence by the radical measures taken by the church, have boldly asked that they might share a like fate, and be relieved of any obligations to the church.

Count Tolstoi has long been a thorn in the side of the Russian aristocracy. What they class as his eccentricities would long ago have landed him in serious difficulties had he not himself been of the Russian nobility, though never in sympathy with its teachings and practices. He has been a strange man in a strange land. A scholar who has given to Russia a prominent place in the literature of the world, and who stands out prominently as the greatest of that great trio of Russian writers, the other two of which are Fedor Dostoievsky and Ivan Turgueneff.

This man who has been placed outside the ban of the established church of his native land, whose portrait has been torn from the walls of Russian universities by order of the imperial government, and who, rumor now says, has been banished from the country of his birth, is a descendant of Count Peter Tolstoi, who figures prominently in history as the trusted friend of Peter the Great. He was born in Yasnaia Poliana, in the government of Toula, August 28, 1828. He was educated after the manner of Russian nobles, first by private tutors and afterwards at the old Russian school, Kazan university.

From the day on which he left the university down to the present time a European writer divides his life into three distinct parts. The first of these is described as of but brief duration, and began at the age of 23, when he entered the commissioned ranks of the Russian army and accompanied his brother to the Caucasus. Two years later, on the outbreak of the Crimean war, he was called to Sebastopol, where he was actively engaged. He had the command of a mountain battery, and he assisted in the defense of the citadel.

The second of the three periods of his life is described as beginning at the close of the Crimean war when he resigned from the army and began to devote himself to literature. This began in 1856, and it was not until four years later that his first book appeared. Though Count Tolstoi did not write many books in this first part of his literary career two masterpieces stand out in bold relief. These are "War and Peace," published in 1860, in which he turned to account in marvelous manner his observations and experiences of actual warfare gained during the Crimean struggle, and "Anna Karenina," a study of Russian social life. "War and Peace" is acually a tale of the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in 1812. A stupendous work, crammed with detail, the wonderful and terrible pictures which it gives of that disastrous campaign have probably never been surpassed. If Tolstoi had written nothing else this work alone would have stamped him as a master, though as a story—that is to say, considered as an artistic whole—it must yield second place to "Anna Karenina," which appeared in 1876. "Anna Karenina" met with enthusiastic praise in every quarter of the world. Such critics as Matthew Arnold and George Meredith were each carried away by its power, the latter giving as his opinion that the beautiful, erring Anna was the most perfectly depicted character in all fiction. With this tale and "The Cossacks" ended the second period in Count Tolstoi's life.

The third period of Tolstoi's life, the period in which he is living at the present time, shows an entirely new side of this interesting man. Such fame as he had acquired by his ventures was not pleasing to him, and he deliberately turned his back upon all of it, and entered a new field. He began the working out of life problems and evolving a higher and religious and moral philosophy. This is the Count Tolstoi of the last period, a man whose writings preach an unvarying text, who lives a life of studied simplicity, and to whose residence people make pilgrimages in order that they may see him making boots, for one of the tenets of his new faith is that everyone should support himself by a simple trade.

It is the events of this third period of his life that have brought to Count Tolstoi degradation by the government of his own country, excommunication by his church and possibly banishment from his native land, and these at a time when he is well past the allotted threescore and ten years allotted to the life of man.

Count Tolstoi is the father of nine children, and was until recently the possessor of a great fortune, but this he has made over entirely to his wife and family, and now earns his meager living at the trade of a shoemaker.

BERNHARD BRISTOL.

Hard Luck.

"Goodness! What's the trouble?"

"Boo-hoo! All de kids on dis block are either too tough for me to play with or else they's got the measles. Boo-hoo!"—Harper's Bazar.

No Half Rations for Her.

He (desperately in love)—Don't yo' t'ink two kin lib as cheaply as one?

She (reflectively)—Ya-as—but I'd ruthah be de one!—Puck.

A Trafficker in Vanity.

There are many queer pursuits in the world, but of them all it is doubtful if any rank higher in the "Land of the Odd" than the traffic carried on by an enterprising Yankee in New York. He has his place in the basement of one of the office buildings on lower Broadway, and deals in labeled trunks and traveling bags—that is, trunks and traveling bags that have seen service abroad, and that bear the labels of foreign hotels. A man going to Europe, if he works judiciously, can on his return get twice what he paid for his bag or trunk at starting. The enterprising Yankee who conducts this queer traffic meets the passengers of incoming steamers. He sizes up his people with an accuracy born of long experience, knowing instinctively who it is that has probably exhausted his funds on his trip on the other side, and who will be very willing to accept a good price for his belabeled traveling appurtenances. The more labeled, of course, the higher the price. There is almost no risk in this business, because the man has a greater demand than he can supply for the decorated merchandise in which he deals.—Saturday Evening Post.

Gen. Lee and Funston.

"I remember Funston very well," said Gen. Fitzhugh Lee recently. "One morning when I was consul general in Havana a hungry, hunted-looking chap appeared in my office. He said his name was Funston and that he had been fighting with the insurgents for a year and a half, and that he was sick and wounded with a Mauser bullet through his lungs, his hip broken by his horse being shot under him and his constitution shattered by fever. He had made his way to the coast. I bought him a ticket to New York and also fitted him out with some clothing. When Funston arrived in New York, January 17, 1898, a blizzard was howling through the streets, and he must have shivered as he limped down the gang plank. After his return to Kansas war talk was in the air. He was appointed colonel of a regiment, and you know the rest."—N. O. Times.

What His Friend Wanted.

An old friend of Mr. Carnegie's who kept his fast trotters and held the record, was beaten in a brush by a young man. The old gentleman disappeared for some time. He had gone to Kentucky to get a horse that would reestablish his supremacy. He was being shown over a stud, and had already been past a long string of horses with their records on the stall and the victories they had won. Then he was taken through a long line of young horses with their pedigrees, from which the dealer was proving what they were going to do when they got on the track. The old gentleman, wiping his forehead—for it was a hot day—suddenly turned to the dealer and said:

"Look here, stranger, you've shown me 'have beens' and you've let me see your 'going to bes,' but what I am here for is an 'iser.'"—World's Work.

An Irish Retort.

Pat, the driver of the coal wagon, seemed puzzled when he got up on High street the other day. He looked at the numbers of several houses and scratched his head in a perplexed way. Finally Mrs. Eaton, for whom the coal was intended, appeared and inquired:

"Beg pardon, but is that coal for Eaton?"

"No, mom," responded Pat, promptly, "it's not for 'atin', it's fur burrin'!"—Detroit Free Press.

Oil on the Waters.

"I wouldn't fight, my good men," said the peacemaker.

"But he called me a thief, sir," explained one of the combatants.

"And he called me a lazy loafer," cried the other.

"Well," said the peacemaker, serenely, "I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion; you may both be right."—Tit-Bits.

Quakers Call on the King.

King Edward VII. received recently a deputation of Quakers offering him the best wishes of that sect for a prosperous reign. He said in reply that he hoped his reign would witness a widespread acceptance of their principles, the establishment of peace, and the growth of mutual help.—N. Y. Sun.

They All Smoke.

Nearly all the men and women in Japan smoke tobacco. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and, if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him and lets him smoke. — Detroit Free Press.

Work of Male Wasps.

The male wasp is said by some naturalists to perform no work whatever, while others assert that the males are the scavengers of the community, keeping the nests clean and carrying out the bodies of the dead.—Nature.

The Barrier.

Clinton—So you didn't marry the beautiful heiress?

Forge—No, there was something I could not make out.

"What was it?"

"Checks!"—Chicago Daily News.

The Horrid Thing.

Miss Noozy—Did you know I was interested in business now?

Mr. Peppery—Why, yes, I suppose you were, as usual, but I didn't know whose.—Philadelphia Press.

Possession.

A dollar in the hand is worth two in will.—Chicago Daily News.